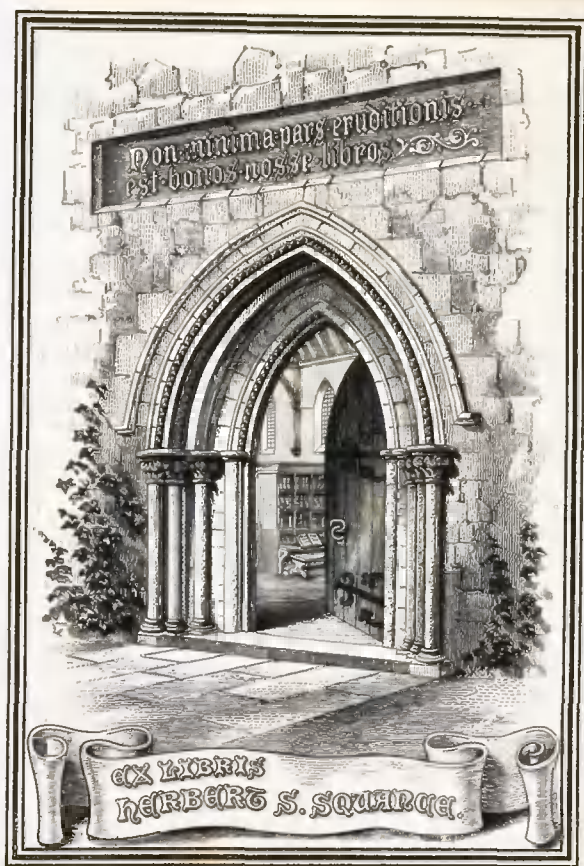




THE ASSEMBLE OF GODDES
BY JOHN LYDGATE









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Printed at Westminster
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The work here reprinted formed part of the famous volume of black-letter tracts (formerly marked AB. 4. 58), which came to the University Library in 1715 by the gift of King George the First with the rest of the library of John Moore, Bishop of Ely. No other copy of this edition is recorded to be in existence.

The types used are Caxton's type 3 (for the title) and Wynkyn de Worde's type 3, with final m and n etc. from type 1 (in the rest of the book). This type 3 is not known to have been used before 1499.

Mr Sayle remarks that the woodcut illustration is taken from Caxton's second edition (ab. 1483-4) of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

FRANCIS JENKINSON

1906 March 5.

I certify that I have printed 250 copies only of this facsimile, that the impressions have been rubbed off the plates and the negatives destroyed.

P. DUJARDIN

Here foloweth the Interpretacoin of the na
mes of goddes and goddesses as is reherced
in this tretyse folowynge as Poetes wryte



Thebus is as moche to saye as the Sonne.
Apollo is the same or elles God of syght.
Morpleus Shewer of drems.
Pluto God of hell.
Mynos Iuge of hell.
Cerberus Porter of hell.
Colus the wynde or God of the Eyre.
Diana Goddesse of wode and chale.
Phebe the Mone or Goddesse of waters.
Aurore Goddes of þe mornynge or fyrst of daye.
Mars God of batayll.
Jupiter God of wysdom.
Juno Goddesse of rychesse.
Saturne God of colde.
Ceres Goddesse of corne.
Cuppydo God of loue.
Dhea Goddesse of wysdome.
Fortune The varyant Goddesse.
Pan God shepherdes.
Plys Goddesse of frute.
Neptunus God of the se.
Mynervie Goddes of þe bataill or of heruest.
Bachus God of wyne.
Mercurys God of langage.
Venus Goddesse of loue.
Dyscorde Goddes of debate & stryfe.
Altropos Deth.
Here endeth þe interpretacyon of the names
of Goddes & Goddesse as is reherced in the
treatyse folowynge as poetes wyryte.

Whan Phebus the crabbe had
nere his cours ronne
And toward þe Leon his Jour
ney gan take,
To loke on Pythagoras speere/
I had begonne

¶ Syttyng all solytary allone belyde a lake.
¶ Mulyng on a maner how þe I myght make.
¶ Realon and sensualyte in one to a corde.
¶ But I coude not bryng about þe manacorde.

¶ For longe er I myght slepe me gan oppres
¶ So ponderouly I coud make none obstacle
¶ In myne hede was fall suche an heuynesse.
¶ I was sayne to drawe to myne habytacle.
¶ To rowne w a pylow me lemyd best tpyacle.
¶ So leyde I me downe my dyicase to releue.
¶ Anone cam in Morpleus & toke me by þe sleue

¶ And as I soo lay halfe in a traunse
¶ Twene slepyng & wakyng he bad me aryse.
¶ For he sayd I must yeue attendaunce.
¶ To the grete Courte of Wynes the Justyle.
¶ Me nought auayled ayene hym to sylogysle.
¶ For hit is oft sayd by hem that yet lyues.
¶ He must nedes go that the deuell dryues.

¶ Whan I see noo better but I must go.
¶ I sayd I was redy at his comaundement.
¶ Wheder that he wolde me lede to or fro.

¶ Soo by Jazole and forth with hym went.
¶ Tyll he had me brought to the parliament.
¶ Where Pluto late and kepte is estate.
¶ And with hym Mynos the Juge desperate.

¶ But as we thyderwarde went by the way.
¶ If hym besought his name me to tell.
¶ Morpleus he sayde thou me call may.
¶ Al syr sayde If thay where do ye dwell.
¶ In heuen or in erthe eyther elles in hell.
¶ Nay he sayde myn abydyng most comonly
¶ Is in a lypyl corner called fantasy.

¶ And as sone as he thyle wordes had sayd.
¶ Cerberus the porter of hell w his cheyne.
¶ Brought theder Colus i ragges euyl arayd
¶ Agayn whom Neptun⁹ & Dyana dyd copest
¶ Saynge thus O Mynos þ Juge souerayn.
¶ Gyue thy cruel iugemēt ayē this traptour lo
¶ If we may haue cause to p reyse thy lord Pluto

¶ Then was there made a proclamacyon.
¶ In Plutoos name cōmaunded scylent.
¶ Upon the payn of strait correccyon.
¶ If Dyana & Neptun⁹ might haue audience.
¶ To declare her grefe of the grete offence.
¶ To hem do by Colus wheron they cōplained
¶ And to begyn Dyana was constreyned.

¶ Whyche thus begyn as ye shall here.

Saynge in this wyse. O thou lord Pluto.
Wyth thy iuge Hypnos lyttynge wth the in fere
Execute your fury vpon Colus soo.
Acco^rdyng to thofence that he to me hath do
That I haue no cause forther to appele.
Whyche yf I do shall not be for youre wele.

Remembre fyrst how I a goddesse pure.
Ouer all delectes/forestes and chaces.
Haue the guydynge and vnder my cure.
This traytour colus hath mani of my places
Destroyd wth his blastes & daily me manaces
Where ony wood is he shall make it playne.
If he to his lyberte may relo^rte ageyne

The gretest trees that ony may may fynde
In forest to shade the dere for her comfozte.
He breketh hē alōder o^r rendith he rote & ride
Out of the erthe this is his dyspozte.
So that the deere shall haue noo relo^rte.
Wythyn sho^rte tyme to noo maner shade
Where tho^rough the game is lykly to fade.

Which to my name a reproche synguler.
Sholde be for euer whyle the worlde laste.
And to all the goddes an hygh dyspleyer.
To see the game soo destroyed by his blaste.
Wherfore a remedy puruey in haste.
And lete hym be punysshed after his offence.
Coulyder the cryme and yeue your sentence.

And whan Dyana had made her compleyst
To mynos the Iuge in Plutoos presence.
Came forth Neptun? w? bylage pale & feynt
Desyrynge of fauour to haue audyence.
Saynge thus Pluto to thy magnyfyence.
I shall reherce what this creature.
Colus hath done me out of mesure.

Thou knowest well that I haue the charge
Ouer all the se and theroof god I am.
No thyp may sayl keruel botene barge.
Grete karyk nor hulke w? ony luyng may.
But he haue my lauecondupte than.
Who me offendith wythin my Iurysdyccyon?
Owyth to submyt hym to my correccyon.

But in asmoche as it is now soo.
That ye hym here haue as your prysone?
I shall shew my compleynt soo.
Wherfore I pray you that ye wyll here.
And let h? not escape out of your daungert.
Tyl he haue made full sethe & recompence
For hurt of my name through his grete offence.

Fyrt to begyn this Colus hath ofte.
Made me to retozne mi couple ageyn nature.
Wyth his grete blastes whan he hath be alofte
And charged me to labour fer out of mesure.
If it was gtete merueyl how I might endure.
The com of my swete wyll testyfy.

That on the se bankes lye beten full hye.

Secundly where my nature is.

Both to eb & flowe and so thy course to kepe.

Ofte of myne entent hath he made me mys

Where as I shulde haue fylled dykes depe.

At a full water I myght not theder crepe.

Before my leason came to returne ageyn.

And than went I faster than i wold certayn

Thus he hath me dryuen ayen myn entente

And contrary to my course naturall.

Where I shuld haue be he made me absente

To my grete dyshonour & in especyall.

Do thyng he vled that worst was of all.

For where I my lauegard graunted

Ay in that cosse he comonly haunted

Of very pure malyce and sylf wyll.

Theym to destroy in dyspyte of me.

To whome I promised both in gode & yll.

For to be her protectour in all aduersyte.

That to theym shulde fall vpon the se.

And euen sodenly or they could beware

Wyth a sodeyn pyrr he lapped theym in care.

And full oft syth wyth hys boystous blaste.

Or they myght bewat he drof hē on þe sond

And other whyle he brake top sayl & mast.

Which caused thei to peryllh or thei cā to lond

¶ They cursed they the tyme þeuer thei me fād
¶ Thus amonge the people lost is my name.
¶ And so by his labour put I am to blame.

¶ Conlyder this mater and ponder my case.
¶ Tender my compleynt as rygure requyret
¶ Shew forth youre sennce w a breef clause
¶ I may not longe tary the tyme fast erpyreth
¶ The offence is grete wherfore it delyreth.
¶ The more greuous payn and hasty iugemēt
¶ For offence don wylfully wyl non auysement.

¶ And whā þe god pluto a whyl had hī bethought
¶ He rowned w mynos what was to do.
¶ Then he sayde openly loke thou sayl nought
¶ Thy sentence to yue wythoute fauore soo.
¶ Lyke as thou hast herde the causes the too.
¶ And so euenly dele twene thise partyei twen
¶ That none of hē haue case on þe other compleint.

¶ Thenne sayd mynos full indyfferently.
¶ To Dyana & Neptunus is there ony more.
¶ That ye wyl declare ageyn hym openly.
¶ Nay in dede they sayd we kepe none in store.
¶ We haue sayd Inough to punyssh hym fore.
¶ If ye in this mater be not parcyall.
¶ Remembre your name was wont to be egall.

¶ Well than sayd Mynos now let vs see.
¶ What this boystous Colus for hys self say

¶ For here Prima facie to vs doth appere.
¶ That he hath offended no man can say naye
¶ Wherefore thou Colus wythoute more delaye
¶ Shape vs an answer to thyne accusemente
¶ And elles I must procede vpon thy iugement

¶ And euen as col^s was onward to haue said
¶ For his excuse / came in a messengere.
¶ Fro god Appolo to Pluto and hym prayde.
¶ On his behalfe that he wythoute daungere
¶ wolde to hym come & brýge wyth hym in fere
¶ Dyana and Neptunus vnto his banket
¶ And yf they dysdeyned hys self he wold hē fet.

¶ Moreouer he sayde to god Appolo
¶ Desyred to haue respyte of the iugemente
¶ Of Colus bothe of Hynos and Pluto
¶ So Dyana & Neptun^s were therwith cōtēt
¶ And yf they were dyspoled to assente
¶ That he myght come vnto his presente
¶ He it desyred to knowe his offence

¶ What say ye herto sayd Pluto to hem tweyn
¶ Wyl ye both assente that it shal be thus
¶ Ye sayd the goddesse for my parte certeyne
¶ And I also sayd this Neptunus
¶ I am well plesid quod this Colus
¶ And whan they had a whyle th^s togyd spoke
¶ Pluto commaunded the court to be broke

And than togeder went they in fere.
Pluto and Neptunus ledyng the goddesse
Whorne folowed Cerberus w his pylonere.
And alderlast wyth grete heuynelle.
Came I and Noxpleus to the forteresse.
Of the god appolo vnto his banket.
Where many goddes and goddesles met.

Whan Appolo se that they were come.
He was ryght glad & prayed theym to lye.
Isay sayd Dyana this is all and lome.
Ye shall me pardone I shall not lye yet.
I shall fyrste know why Colus abyde.
And what execucyon shall on hym be doo
For his offence well sayd Appollo.

Madame ye shall haue all your plesere.
Syth that it wyll none otherwyse be.
But fyrste I pray you let me s^r mater here
Why he is brought in this perplexite.
Well sayd Pluto that shall ye sone se.
And gan to declare euen by and by.
Bothe theyr complayntes ordynatly.

And whan Appolo had herd the reporte
Of Pluto in a maner simplynge he sayd.
I se well Colus thou hast small comfote.
Thy selfe to excuse thou mayst be dysmayde.
For to here so grete cōpleyntes aye the layd
And not wythstandyng if thou can say ought

For thyne own wele say and tary nought

Nota

Horloth sayd Colus yf I had respyte.

Hereto an answere cowd I counterfete.

But to haue her grace moze is my delyte.

Wherfore I pray you all for me entrete.

That I may by your reqst her gode grace gete.

And what payn or greef ye for me prouyde

Wythout ony grutchyng I shall it abyde.

No good dame sayd god Appollo.

What may he do moze but lew to your grace.

Beholde how the tezes from his eyen goo.

It is satysfaction half for his trespase.

Now gloꝝyꝝ goddes shew your petio^r face

To this poze pryloner at my request.

All we for youre honour thynke thus is best.

And yf it lyke you to do in thys wyle.

And so to foryeue hym clerely his offence.

One thyng surely I wpll you promyle.

If he ought rebell and make resystence.

Or dysobey vnto your sencence.

For euery tree that he maketh fall.

Out of the erthe an C ryle shall.

Soo that youre game shall not dyscrease

For lacke of shade i dare vndertake

Well syꝝ Appolo sayd she than wpll I cease

Off all my rancour and mercy w you make

¶ And than god Neptune of his maner spak
¶ Saying th^o appolo though dyana him relese
¶ yet shall he sue to me to haue his pease.

¶ A layd Appolo ye wende I had forgete.
¶ You for my lady Dyana the godd esse.
¶ Nay thynke not so for I wyll you entrete.
¶ As well as her wythoute longe processe.
¶ I wyll ye agre that Jhebus your maystrelle.
¶ May haue the guydyng of your barpaunce.
¶ I shall abyde quod he her ordynaunce.

¶ Wet than quod appolo I pray you godds all
¶ And goddesles that ben here presente.
¶ That ye companable wyll a borde falle.
¶ Nay than layd Othea it is not conueniente.
¶ A dew ordy in every place is expediente.
¶ To be hadde wherfore ye may not lette.
¶ To be your own marshal at your own baket

¶ And whan appolo se it wolde none other be
¶ He called to hym Aurora the goddesse.
¶ And layd though ye wepe ye shall before me.
¶ By kepe your courle and put yourself in pille
¶ Soo he her set fyre at his owne messe.
¶ Wyth her moyst clothes w^o tetes all be sprent
¶ The medewes in may shew therof her cōpleit

¶ Next her sat Mars myghty god and strong
¶ Wyth a flamme of fyre enuyroned all aboent

CA crown of yron on his hede a spere i his hōd
CIt semed by his chē as he wold haue fought.
CAnd next vnto hym as I perceyue mought.
CSatþ goddelle Dyana in a mantell fyne.
COf black sylke purfyled w poudred ermine

CLyke as he had take þ mantell & the ryng.
CAnd next vnto her arayed roally.
CSat the god Iuppyter in his demenyng.
CFull sad and wyle he semed sykerly.
CA crowne of tyune stood on his hede.
CAnd that Irecorde of all phyllosophers.
Cþ lytill stoze of Coyne kepe in her cofres.

CTorned to hþ in lytting next there was
CThe goddelle Iuno full rychely besene.
CIn a sercote þ thone as bryght as glas
COf goldsmith werk w spāgles wrought beden.
COf royall ryches wanted she none I wene.
CAnd next to her sat the god saturne.
CThat ofttyth causeth many one to mozne.

CBut he was clad methought straungely
CFoz of froste & snowe was all his aray.
CIn his honde he helde a sawchon all bloody
CIt semed by his chere as he wold make a frat
CA baudryck of Ilykles about his neckegaye
CHe had. and aboue on hygh on his þede.
CCouchid w hayl stōes he wered a croū of lede.

And nexte in ordre was set by his syde.
Ceres the goddesse in a garmente.
Of sacke cloth made wth sleues large & wyde
Embrowdered wyth sheues and lycles bent
Of all maner greynes she sealed y^r patente.
In token y^e she was goddess of corne.
Olde Poetes saye she beryth the heruest hoyn

Then was there set the god cuppydo.
All frellhe & galaunte and costly in aray.
Wyth ouches and rynges he was beset so.
y^e paleys therof shon as though it had be day
A kerchyff of plelaüs stood ouer his helmy ay
The goddesse Ceres he loked in the face.
And wyth one arme he her dyde embrace.

Next to Cupido in order by and by
Of wordly wylfum sat the forteresse.
Calld Othea chyef grounde of polycy.
Keuler of knyghthode of prudence y^e goddess
Clad all in purpure was she more & lesse.
Saaf on her hede a crowne there stode.
Couched wyth perles oryent fyne & good.

And nexte to her was god Pluto set
Wyth a derke myste enuyrond al about.
His clothy was made of a smoky net.
His colour was bothe wythin & wythoute.
Foule derke & dyme his eyen grete & stoute.
Of fyre & sulfure all his odoure wale.

That too was me whyle I beheld his face

Fortune the goddelle w her perty face.

Was vnto Pluto next in order sette.

Warpynt she was ay in thorte space.

Her whele was redy to turne wythout let.

Her gowne was of gawdy grene clamelet

Chaungeable of sondry dyuerse colours.

To þ condycyons accorðyng to her shoures

And by her sat though he vnworthy were.

The rewde god Pan of shepherdes þ gyde

Clad in russet frese & breched lyke a bere.

Wyth a grete terbor hangyng by his syde.

A shepcock in his hōd he spared for no pryde.

And by his fete lay a prekered curre.

He rateled in þ throte as he had þ mutre.

Ilys the goddes bare hym company.

For at the table next she sat by his syde.

In a close byr ell embrowdered curyously

In braunches and leues brood large & wyde.

Grene as any grasle in þ somer tyde.

Of all maner frute she had the gouernaunce

Of fauours odyferous was her lustynauns

Next to her thay was god Neptunus set.

He sauoured lyke a fyssh of hys i spak before

It semed by his clythes as they had be wet.

About hys i his gyrdelsted big fysshes nam a xx

** score*

Of his straunge aray merueyled Iose.
Alhypp wyth a top and sayle was hys cresse.
He thought he was gayly dylgelyed at yf self

Than toke mynerue the goddes her sete.
Joyntly to Neptunus all in curas cladde.
Gautelettis on hōdes & labatois on her fete
She loked about as though she had be in ad.
Alyhamer and a lythe on her hede she hadde
She wered two bokelers one by her syde.
That other ye wote were this was al her pryde

Thā cam y god bach? & by her set hy down
Holdynge in his honde a cuppe full of wyne.
Of grene vyne leues he wered a Joly croun
He was clad in clustres of grapes gode & fine
A garlonde of yuy he chole for his lygne.
On his hede he had a thredbare kēdall hode.
A gymlot and a faulet therupon stode.

Next hym sat phebus wyth her colour pale.
Sat she was of face but of complexon feynte.
She layd therewled Neptun? & made hy bayl
And ones in y monthe w pheb? was the meit
Allone werelhe Ceres were ateynte
Thus she sat & tolde the myght of her nature
And on her hede she wered a croun of siluer pure

Joyntly to her Marcurys toke his lee.
As came to his cours wytnesse the zodyake.

He had a gylden tonge as fyll for his degree
In eloquence of langage he passed al þ̄ pake
For in his talkyng noman coude fynde lake
A box wyth quycklyluer he had in his honde/
Multyplyers know it wel in euery londe

By hym sat dame Uen^s in colour crySTALLINE
Whos long here shone as wyre of gold bryzt
Cryspe was her skyn her eyen columbyne
Raupshed myne herte her chere was so lyzt
Patrones of plesaunce be named wel she myzt
Al moche was her wede garnysshed curyusli
But all other she had a wanton eye

On her hede she wered a red coper crowne
A nolegay she had made ful plesauntly
Bytwene her & auroza Apollo set hym doune
Wyth his beames bryght he shone so feruently
That he ther wyth gladyd al þ̄ company
A crown of pure gold was on his hede set
In syne þ̄ he was mayster & lord of þ̄ banket

Nota

Thus was the table set round aboute
Wyth goddes & goddesles as i haue you told
Awaytyng on the bozd was a grete route
Of sage phyllosophers & poetes many fold
There was sad Sychero & Arystotle olde
Cholome Dorothe wyth Dyogenes
Plato mylchala and wyle Socrates

¶ Sortes & Sapha? w^h hermes stode behynd
¶ Alupcen & Aluerays wyth hem were in fere
¶ Galpen & ypocras that physyk haue in mynd
¶ wyth help of Esculappō toward hē drowner
¶ Wyngyle Orace Duyd and Omere
¶ Euclyde and albert yauē her attendaunce
¶ To do the goddys & goddesles plesaunce

¶ Forherded Orphe? was there w^h his harpe.
¶ And as a popt mulycal made he melody
¶ Other mistral had thei non saf Pan gā to carpe
¶ Of his leud bagppp which caused h^e compant
¶ To law yet many mo ther wē yf i shuld notly
¶ Soni yong som old both better and weyle
¶ But mo of they? names can I not reherce

¶ Of al maner deyntes there was habūdāfice
¶ Of metes & drynkes fopson plenteuous
¶ In cam Dyscord to haue baryaunce
¶ But there was no roum to set her i that hous
¶ The goddis remembred the scylme odious
¶ Among the thre goddesles h^e had wrought
¶ At the fest of Peleus wherfore they thought

¶ They wold not w^h her delc in a benture
¶ Lest she hem brought to som inconueniente
¶ She scyng this was wroth out of mesure
¶ And in that grette wrath out of h^e paleys wēt
¶ Sayng to herself that chere shuld thei repent
¶ And anone w^h Atropes happed she to mete .

As he had ben a goost came in a wydyng shete

She toke hym by þe hond & crowned in his ere

And told hy of the banket þe was so delycate.

How the was receyued & what there the had þre

And how euery god sat in his astate

Is it thus qd attropos what in þe deuyls date

And he sayd I se well how the game goth

Ones yet for your sake shal I make he wyoth

And whan she had hym al togyder told

From her he departed & of her tok his leue /

Sayng þe for her sake his way take he wolde

In to the paleys his maters to meue

And oþer thens went he trowed he to greue .

Wyth such tydynges as he wold hem tel

So forth he went & spake wordes fell

Whan he came in the plence of þe goddis yle

As he had ben mad he loked hym a bout

His shete from his body downe he let fall

And on a reud maner he saluted al the route

Wyth a bold boys spekyng wordes stoute

But he spake all holow as it had ben one

Had i poke in a nother world þe had wo begon

He stode forth boldly wth grym countenance

Sayng on this wyle as ye shal here

All ye goddes yeue attendaunce

Unto my wordes wout all daungere

¶ Remembre how ye made me your offycere
¶ All tho wyth my darte fynally to chastyse
¶ That þy dylobeyed or wolde your law dyspise

¶ And for the more surete seiled my patent
¶ Gyuynge me full power so to occupy
¶ Wherto I haue employed myn entent
¶ And that can dame Nature testefy
¶ If she be examyned she wyll not it deny
¶ For whan she forsakyth ony creature
¶ I am al redy to take hy to my cure

¶ Thus haue I deuily wyth al my dyligence.
¶ Executed the offyce of olde antyquyte
¶ To me by you graunted by your comyn sctence
¶ For I spared none hygh nor low degree
¶ So that on my parte no faute hath be
¶ For as sone as ony to me commytted was
¶ I smote hy to þe hert he had none other grace

¶ Hector of Troy for al his cheualry
¶ Alexander the grete & myghty conqueroure
¶ Iulys Cesar w al his companye
¶ Dauid nor Iosue nor worthy Artur
¶ Charlis the noble that was so gret of honour
¶ Nor Judas Machabee for al his trew herte
¶ Nor Godfrey of Boleyn coud me not aserte

¶ Nabugodonozor for al his grete pryde
¶ Nor the kyng of Egypt cruel Pharao

I Jason ne Hercules went they neuer so wyde.
I Coldras Hanyball nor gentyll Syppo.
I Cyrus Achilles nor many a nother no
I For sayr nor foule gat of me no grace
I But al be at y last I lealed hem w my mace.

Thus haue I bzought euery creature
I To an ende both may tyll he foule and best
And euery other thyng y whomedame nature
I hath ony Iurysdyccion eyther most or lest
I Except oonly one y whome your be hest
I Is to me broke for ye me promysed
That my myght of non shold haue be dyspyled

Wherof the aontrary daoe I well a uow
I Is trew for one there is that wyl not apply
I Unto my correction nor in no wyse bow
I To the dynt of my darte for dole nor desteny.
What comfort he hath nor the cause why
That he so rebellyth I can pot thynk of ryzt
But yf ye hy grauted your alders lafcondyght.

And yf he so haue thay do ye not as goddis.
I For a goddis wrytyng may not reuerled be.
Eyf it shold I wold not gyue you u pelescodd.
I For graut of your patent of offycenere of fee.
Wherföre y this mater do me equyte
Accerdeg to my patant for tyl this be do
I ye haue nomoze my serupse nor my gode wy

¶ And whan al the goddis had attropos hered
¶ As they had ben wode brayd by attones
¶ & sayd they wold not rest tyll he were conqred
¶ Taken and dystroyed body blode and bones
¶ And that they swere grete othes for þe nomis
¶ Her lab to dyspyce that was so malapert
¶ They sayd he shuld be taught for to be so pert

¶ Wel sayd Appollo yf he on erth be
¶ Wyth my brennyng chare I shall hy cōfound
¶ In feyth quod neptunus & he kepe these
¶ He may be well sure he shall be drownd
¶ As sayd Mars this haue we wel found
¶ That ony dysubeyed oure goodly precept
¶ We may well thynk we haue to long slept

¶ But neuertheles where I may hym fynd
¶ Wyth thūd & lyghtning about I shall hy chase
¶ And I quod Saturnus before and behynd.
¶ W my bytte cold shall shew hy harde grace
¶ Well sayd Mercurys yf I may se his face.
¶ For euer of his spech I shall hym depryur
¶ So that hym were better dede than alpye

¶ Ze quod Othea yet may he well be
¶ In the eyr where he wyll & ax you no leue
¶ Wherfore my counseyl is that all we
¶ May entrete Neptun⁹ his rahcour foryeue.
¶ And than I dout not Colus wyl hy myscheue
¶ So may ye be sure he shal you not escape

Te ellis, of you anger he wyl make but a iape.

But for to tel you how Colus was brought.

In daungere of Pluto yei had I forget

Wherfore on this mater forther wyl I nouzt.

Procede tyll I therof haue knowlege you let

It befell on a day the weder was wete

And Colus thought he wold on his dysport.

Goo in reiople his spyrtis and comforte

He thought he wold se what was in þ ground.

And in a krauers forth he gay hym dresse

A drough had the erthe late before found.

That caused it to chyne & krauy more & lesse.

Sodenly by wete constreyned by duresse

Was the ground to close his supfycyall face.

So sheyt that to scape col^r had noo space

This seying Colus be styll wythin abode.

Sekyng where he myzt haue gene fer or nere.

Nuone he was espyed and one to Pluto rode

And told hy how Colus was in his daungere.

Thay sayd he to Cerber⁹ fet me þ prysonere.

Tyl I haue hy sene let hy not go at large.

As þ wylt and were of hem I yeue the charge

Thus was this Colus take prysonere

Thay happed it so that thh laue day

Pluto had pseyred for a grete mater

Asynos to lye in his robe of Ray

¶ Wherefore Cerberus took the next way
¶ And led hys to the place where the court shalbe
¶ Where I told you Morpleus brought me

¶ So thyder came Dyana carped in carre
¶ To make her compleynt as I told you all
¶ And so dyd Neptunus y doth make and mar
¶ Malewying in his wayes & tobling as a ball
¶ Her matters they meued sal what may befall
¶ There was the fyrst syght y euer I them saw
¶ And yf I neuer do eft I care not a straw

¶ But now to my matter retourne agayn
¶ And tu begyn new where I left.
¶ Whan al the goddis had done her besy payne.
¶ The way to contrye how it shuld be rest
¶ Of his lye Atropos had no cause eft
¶ To copley than Phobus stert vpon her fete/
¶ And sayd I pray you let me speke a word yet.

¶ O thea menyth wel to say on this wyle
¶ But al to entret Neptunus I hope shal not nede
¶ He menyth I alone durst take y entespyle.
¶ Er I am begyled or ellie I shal sped
¶ Now say ye Neptunus shal I do this dede.
¶ Wyl ye your rancour seale at my request
¶ Madame quod he reule me as ye lyketh best

¶ O remercy sayd she of your good wyl
¶ That it pleyth you to shew methat fauour

¶ Wherfore the goddys hygh pleysur to fulfyll
¶ Performe my desyre & leue al olde rancoure
¶ For our elders wele & saupng of oure honour
¶ Agayn this colus that ye long haue had
¶ It is done quod he forsooth than am I gladd

¶ Sayd he now than Colus be þ to vs trewe
¶ Kepe well the eyr and oure grete rebell
¶ May we than sone euer to vs subdew
¶ Yes and that quod Colus shall here tell
¶ Nowhere in the eyr shall he rest nor dwel
¶ If he do therof put me in the faute
¶ Wyth my bytter blastes so shal I hyr asaut

¶ What sayd the god Pluto what is his name.
¶ That thus presumyth agayn vs to rebell
¶ Wertu quod attropes þ haue he mykyl shame
¶ He is neuer confounded thus of hyr here I tell
¶ I sayd this pluto in dede I know hyr wel
¶ Ho hath ben euer myn ytter ennemye
¶ Wherfore this mater agayn hyr take wyll I

¶ For all the baytes þ we for hym haue layde
¶ Wythout my helpe be not worth a peze
¶ For though ye all the contrary had sayd
¶ Yet wold he brede right nigh your althris ere
¶ No maner of thyng can hym hurt or dere
¶ Saue only a sone of my bastard
¶ Whos name is vice he kepyth my bawarad.

And next hy on a gote folowed Lechery

Sloth was so slepy he came all behynd

On a dull asse a full wery pale

Thyse were þ capteins that hyce coud fynde

Best to set his feld & folow on the chace

As for pety capteyns many mo there was

As sacrilege symony & dyssymulacyon

Man slaughter moorde theft & extorcyon

Arrogaunce Prelūpcyon wyth contumact

Contēpcyon Cōtempt & Inobedience

Malyle frowardnes grete Jelasy

Ewodnes Hate Stryf and Impacience

Unkyndnes Oppressyon w wofull neglygēce.

Murmur Mylechef fallshod & detracyon

Usurp Perjury Ly and adulacyon

Wrong Raupne Sturdy byolence

Fals Jgement w Obstynacyon

Dysceyt Drunknes & Improuydence.

Boldnes in yll w foule and kybaudy.

Fornycacyon Incest and Auoutry

Unhamfastnes w Prodygalyte

Blaffeme baynglozy & worldly banyte

Ignoraunce Dysfydence w Jpocryfy

Scylme Rancour Debate and Offence

Herely Errour w Idolatry.

New fangylmes and sotyll false Pretence

Fordynat desyre of worldly excellence
Fayned pouerte wyth apostasy
Dysclaunder scorn & vnkynnd Jelousy

Hoodom baudry false mayntenaunce
Treysoun abusyon and pety bybry
Usurpacyon wth horryble vengauce
Came alder last of that company
All thysle pety capetayns folowed by and by.
She wyng theymself in the paleysle wyde
And say th^{is} y were redy that batayl to abyde

Idylnes sett the comyns in a ray
Without the palayse on a fayr felde
But there was an ost for to make a fray
I trow luche a nother neuer may beheld
Many was the wepy among he & they weld
What they were & canie to that dysporte
I shall you declare of many a sondry sort

There were hosters crakers & brybours
Praters salers stretchers and wythers
Shamefull shakelers soleyⁿ slaue dours
Oppressours of people and myghty crakers
Mayntenours of quarels horryble lers
Theues traytours wth false heretykes
Charmars sorcerers & many scylmatykes.

Owey symonyakes wyth false blurers
Multyplyers coryn wallhers & clyppers

Wrong blurpers wth grete extorcyoners
Bachpters Glosers and fayre flaterers.
Malycyous murmurers with grete claterers
Tregetours Cryfelers fepners of tales.
Lastyuous lurdeyns and Bykers of malys.

Rouners Wagabundes forgers & lesingis.
Robbers Reuers Rauenous Ryfelers.
Choppers of Chyrches fynders of typpnges
Mezzers of maters and mony makers.
Stalkers by nyght wth Cupldroppers.
Fyghters Brawlers Brekers of louedayes
Gettters Chyders Caulers of frayes.

Typupylis Tyrauntis wth Tourmentours.
Corpyd apostatis Kelyggyous dyllymulers:
Closters Carders wth comon hasardours.
Cyburne colops and Durkytters.
Dylary knyghtys double tollyng Myllers.
Gay Joly tapters wth hostelers of the strewes.
Hozes and Bawdes that many bale brewes.

Bold blaffemers wth falle Jpocryptes.
Brothellers Brokers abhomynable swerers.
Dryupylis Bastardes dyllpylers of ryghtis
Homycydes Hoyseners & comon morderers.
Scoldis Caytyues Comberous clappers.
Idolattres Enchauntours wth falle regenerates.
Sotyl ambydextrys and sekeers of debatis.

Pseudo Prophetes false Sodemytes.
Quelmers of chyldren wyth fornycatours.
Wetewoldes that lustre syn in ther syghtis.
Auoutreys and abhomynable auauntours.
Of syn grete clappers & makers of clamours
Unthyrftes & vnlustes came al to that game
Wlusk & loselis y might not thryue for sharn

These were the comons y came thid y day.
Redy bowne in batayl Vertu to abyde.
Apollo theym beholdyng began to lay.
To the goddys & goddesles beyng there y tid
Me semyth conuenient an herowd to ryde
To Vertu & byd hy to batayl make hy boune
Hyself to defend forsoth it shal be lone.

And let hym not be lodeynly take.
All dyspurneyed oz that he beware.
For thay shold our dylhonour awake.
If he were cowardly take in a snare.
Ee quod Wyce for that haue I no care.
I wyll auauntage take where I may.
That heryng Morpleus puely stale away.

And went to warne Vertu of al this afray.
And bad hy awake and make hymself strong
For he was lyke to endure that daye.
A grete mortall shoure er. it were euenlonge.
W Wyce wherfore he bad hym not longe.
Tary to send after more socoure.

¶ If he dyde it shold tozne hym to dolour.

¶ And brefely the matex to be declared.

¶ Lyke as ye haue herd begynnynge and ende.

¶ Well quod Uertu he shall not be repared

¶ To the feld I wyl go how it wende.

¶ But gramercy Horple? myn own dere frēde

¶ Of your trew hertæ faythfull entente.

¶ That ye in this mat to merward haue ment.

¶ This done Horpleus departed away.

¶ So Uertu to the palayse retoznyng agayn.

¶ None hym alpyed that I dare well say.

¶ In whych tyme Uertu dyde his bely payn

¶ People to reple his quareil to maynteyn.

¶ Pmagynacyon was his messengere.

¶ He went to warne people both ter & nere.

¶ And bad hem come in all hast they myght

¶ For to strength Uertu for wyth out fayll.

¶ He layd he shold haue long or it were nyght.

¶ Wyth Wyce to do a myghy strong batayl.

¶ Of vngnacpo? gestes he byrnyng a gret tayll

¶ Wherfore it behouyng to help at this nede.

¶ And after this shal Uertu rewar po? mede

¶ Whan ymagynacyon had gone his cyrcuyte

¶ To Uertues frendis thus all about.

¶ Wythin short tyme many men of myght

¶ Gadered to Uertu in all that they myght.

¶ They hym comforted & bad hym put no doute.
¶ His bitter enemy Wyce to ouerthrow.
¶ Thoughe hym hym brouzt neuer so gret azow

¶ And whan Vertu se the sustaunce of his doot
¶ He prayed all the comons to the feld hem hye
¶ Wyth her pety capteyns both lest and mooste
¶ And wyth his capteyns shold folow redely.
¶ For he sayd he knew well þe wyce was ful nye.
¶ And who myght fyrst of þe feld recouer þe cētre
¶ Wold kepe out þe other he shuld not elepe & tre

¶ Then sent he forth Baptym to þe feld befoze
¶ And prayed hym hartely it to ouerse.
¶ That no maner trayn nor cottrop theyn wof
¶ To noy nor hurt hym nor his meyne.
¶ And whan he thyder came he began to se.
¶ How Wyce his pursuauant cryme ozygynall.
¶ Was entred befoze and had sealed by all.

¶ But as sone as herof Baptym had a syght.
¶ He fled fast away and left the feld alone.
¶ And anone Baptym entred wyth his myght.
¶ Serchyng al about where this crym had gon.
¶ But the feld was ciene defaut found he none.
¶ Then came Vertu after with his gret offe.
¶ And his myghty capteyns both lest and most

¶ But to enfourme you how he thyder came.
¶ And what maner capteins he to þe feld brouzt.

Hymselfe sekerly was the fyrst man.
Of all his grete host þ̄ thyderwarde sought.
Syttynge in a chare þ̄ ryghely was wrought.
Wyth golde and peerles ægemes precyous.
Crowned with laurer as lord byctoryous.

Houre doubty knyghtes about þ̄ chare went.
At euery corner one hit for to gyde.
And conuey accordyng to. Vertue his entent.
At the fyrst corner was wyghtwysnesse þ̄ tyde.
Prudence at the seconde was set to abyde.
At þ̄ thryd strength þ̄ fourth kept temperaunce.
Thele þ̄ chare gyded to. Vertue his pleasaunce.

Next to þ̄ chare leuen capyteyns there roode.
Echone attre other in ordre by and by.
Humplyte was þ̄ fyrst a lambe he bestroode.
With contenaunce demure he rood full soberly.
A fawcon gentyll stood on his helme on hy.
And next after hym came there. Charyte.
Rydyng on a tygre as fyll to his degre.

Roody as a roole ay he kept his chere.
On his helme on hyghe a pellycan he bare.
Next whom cany pacyēce þ̄ nowhere hath no pere
On a camell rydyng as boyde of all care.
Afenix on his helme stood so forth gan he fare.
Who next hym folowed but lyberalyte.
Syteng on a dromedary þ̄ was both good & fre.

¶ On his helm for his crest he bare on ol pray.
¶ And next after hym folowed abstynence.
¶ Rydyng on an hete was trapure and gay.
¶ He semed a lord of ryght grete excellence.
¶ A popynay was his crest he was of gret dyffere.
¶ Next hym folowed chastyte on an brisourne.
¶ Armed at all poyntes behynde & beforne.

¶ A totyldoue he bare on hyghe for his crest.
¶ That came good besynesse last of þe leuey.
¶ Rydyng on a panter a sondry coloured best.
¶ Gloriously beleen as he had come from heuen.
¶ A crane on his hede stood his crest for to steuyn.
¶ All these .vii. capteyned had standardis of pyte.
¶ Eche of hem accordyng after his duple.

¶ Many pety capteyns after these went.
¶ As trewe feyth & hope mercy peale & pyte.
¶ Ryght trouth mekenesse wth good entent.
¶ Goodnes concord & parfyte knyghte.
¶ Doeest trewe loue with symplycite.
¶ Prayer fastyng preyng almyldede.
¶ Joyued with þe artycles of the crede.

¶ Confessyon contricyon & satisfaccyon.
¶ Wth sorow for synne & grete repentaunce.
¶ Forueuenesse of trespass wth good dysposcyon.
¶ Resystence of wrong perfoymyng of penance.
¶ Holy deuocyon wth good contynaunce.
¶ Prechyd hem folowed with the sacramentis.

And sadnesse alle wyth the commaūdementes

Suffraunce in trouble wyth Innocensy

Clenne contynence and virgynyte

Ryndnes reuerence wth curteysy

Content & pleased wyth pyteous pouerte

Entendyng wel mynystryng equyte

Twene ryght & wrong hole indyfferently

And labouryng the scruple of god to multiply

Refuse of ryches & worldly baynglozy

Perfeccon wyth perfyght contemplacyon

Relyggyon professyon wel kept in memozy

Clety drede of god wyth holy predycacyon

Celestypall sappyence wyth gostly inspyracyon

Grace was the guyde of al this meyne

Whome folowed kennyng wth his genealogy

That is to say gramer and Sophysty

Phylosophy naturall logyke and wythoryke

Arismetrycke geometry wyth astronomye

Cancy and Cypyll melodious mulyke

Noble Theology and corporal phylsike

Mozalyzayson of holy scrypiture

Profound poetry and drawyng of pycture

Thyle folowed connyng & thyd wyth h^{er} hean

Wyth many one mo offeryng her scrupie

To Vertu at that nede but not wythstoddyng thay

Some he refused and layd in nowyle

¶ They shuld wyth hym go & as I coude auyse
¶ They lewore her names fyrst Pygromancy
¶ Geomanly magyke and glotony

¶ A dryomanly Dynomancy w pyromancy
¶ Hylenomy also and pawmestry
¶ And al her sequeles yf I shal not lye
¶ Yet connyng prayed Uertu he wold not deny
¶ Theym for to know nor dyldeyn his eye
¶ On hem to loke wherto Uertu graunted
¶ How be it in his werres ge wold not they haüted

¶ So had they connyng lyghly to depart
¶ From Uertu his feld and they seyng this
¶ By comyn assent hyred them a carte
¶ And made hem be carpyd toward Wyce Jwys.
¶ Fro thens forth to serue hy this wold, not mys
¶ For loth they were to be maysterles
¶ In stede of the better the worse there they ches

¶ But forth to relese al the rrmenaunt
¶ Of pety capteins that wyth Uertu were
¶ Moderate dyet and wysdom auenant
¶ Euen weyght and mesure ware of contagyo⁹ ge
¶ Loth to offend ann louyng ay to lere
¶ Worlthyp and profyte w myrth in maner
¶ They le pety capteyns wyth Uertu were in fere

¶ Comons hem folowed a grete multitude
¶ But in came pylson to that oither syde

I trow there was not biefely to conclude.
The .x. man that batayl to abyde.
Yet neuertheles I shal not from you hyde.
What maner people they were & of what secte
As nere as my wyt therto wyll me derect.

There were noble and famous doctours.
Example geuers of luyng gracious.
Perpetuall prestes and dyscrete confessours.
Of holy scripiture declarers fructuous.
Rebukers of syn & myscheues odious.
Spyllers of soules & louers of clennes.
Dyspylers of beyn and worldly rychesse.

Deaslyble prelatys Justycyal gouernours.
Founders of chyches wyth mercyfull peres.
Reformers of wrong of her progenytours
On peynfull poze pyteous compassyoners
Well menyng marchautes w trewartefecers
Virgyns pure and also Innocentes
Hooly matrones w chast contynence

Pylgrymes & palmers w trew laborers
Holy heremytes goddys solycytours
Honeste ryal monkes & well dyspoled freres
Chanons and nonnes feyth plessoures
Of worldly people trew comugatours.
Louers of Cryst Confounders of yll.
And all that to godward yeue her good wyll

Mayntenours of ryghte herey pēyntentes.
Destroyers of errour causers of vnyte.
Crew actyf lyuers that set her ententis
The dedis to perfoyme of mercy and pyte
Contemplatyf people that desyre to be.
Salytary seruauentis vnto god alone.
Rather the to habound in rycheles echone.

Thyse wyth many mo than Jherherce can
Were come thyder redy that batayl to abyde.
And take such part as fyl to Uertu than
Wyce to uoercome they hoped for al his pryde
Al though he had more people on his syde
For the men that Uertu had were ful sure.
To trust on at nede & connyng in armure

Macrocolme was the name of the feld
Where this grette batayll was set for to be
In the myddys therof stode cōspence & beheld
Whyche of hem shold be brought to captyuyte
Of that noble tryūph Juge wold he be
Synderelys late hē wythin closed as a park
Whis table in his honde her dedys to marke.

To come in to the feld were hygh wayes .v.
Fre to both partyes large brode and wyde
Uertu wold not fari but highed hē thys blinde
Lest hē were by wyce deceyued at that tyde
Long out of the feld loth was he to abyde
In auenture that he out of it were kept.

For thā wold he haue thouzt he had to long slept

In this mene tyme whyle Vertu th^o pceded

For h^e & his people the feld for to wyne.

He charged euery man by grace to be guyded

And al that euer myght p^o feld to enter ynne.

In all that sealon went ozygynal synne.

To let Wyce know how Bapty m^o his holste.
Had entred Macrocolme & serched euery cooste

Hayd Wyce I se well it is tyme.

Baners to dysplay & standardes to auaunce.

Al most to long haddest p^o tarped cryme.

To let vs haue knolege of this purueyaunce.

Eyet I trow I chal lerne hem a new daunce.

Wherfore I commaund you al wout delaye

Toward the felde draw in all the hast ye may

Than sayd p^o god Pluto p^o al men myzt here

Wyce I the charge as thou wylt elchem.

Our heuyous Indp^ognacyō p^o draw not arere

But put p^o forth boldly to ouerthrowe Vertu.

In sayth quod Attropos & I chal after sew

For yf he escape oure hondys this day.

Itell you my scruple haue lost for ay.

Forth than rode Wyce w^o al his hole strength

On his stede serpentyne as i told you byfore.

The ost that h^e folowed was of a grete lēgth.

Amōg whō were penous & gnyts mani a scot

Of hys pety capteynes he made many a knzt
For they shuld not fle but manly w him fight

He doubred falschod wyth Dysmylacyon.
Symony Usury Wrong and Rybawdy.
Malyce Deceyt Lye wythout Extorcyon.
Deuiry Dysfydence and Apostasy.
Wyth boldnes in yl to bere hym company.
Chyse. xiiii. knyghtes made byce that daye.
To wyth her spores they sayd they wold assay

In lyke wyle Vertu doubred on his syde:
Of pety capteyns other fourtene.
Whyche made her auou wyth hym to abyde:
Her spores wold they wth day shold it be lest
Chyse wore her names yf it be as I wene
Feyth Hope & Mercy Trowth & also Ryght.
W Resystence of wronge a full hardy wyghte

Confessyon Contrycyon wyth Satysfaction
Merrey drede of God Performyng of penaunce
Perfeccyon Connyng and Good dyspocicion
And all knyght to Vertu they were by alvauns
Wherfore to hym they made assuraunce.
That feld to kepe as long as they myght.
And in his quarel agayn Wyce to fyght.

The lord of Macrocolme & rewlre of þ see
Was called Frewyll chaunger of the chalice:
To whome Vertu sent embassatours thre

¶ Beson dyscretyon & good remembraunce.
¶ And prayed hys be fauorable his honoure to chas
¶ For but he had his fauour at y poynt of neede.
¶ He stood in gret doute he coude not lightly spede.

¶ In lyke wyse. Wyce embassatours thre.
¶ For his party vnto frewyl sent.
¶ Temptacyon foly & sensuallite.
¶ Praying hys of fauour that he wolde assent.
¶ To hys as he wolde at his comaundement.
¶ Haue hys estloines whan he lyst to call.
¶ On hys for ony thyng y after ward myght fall.

¶ Answer gaue he non: to neyther party.
¶ Saue oonli he sayd y batayll wolde he se
¶ To wete whiche of hys thold haue y byctory.
¶ With hys in his balaunce y ambyguyte.
¶ He sayd he wolde not restrayne his lyberte.
¶ Whan he come where sozow thold awake.
¶ Than it shold be know what part he wyl take

¶ Whan. Vertu & Wyce be her ambassatours.
¶ Knew of this answer they stood in gret doute.
¶ Neuertheles they seyde they wold endure thos hours
¶ And make an ende shortly of y they wet aboute.
¶ Soo forth came. Wyce w all his grete route.
¶ Er he came at y felde he sent yet priuely.
¶ Sensuallite before in maner of a spy.

¶ Whiche fewe y felde w his unkynde seede.

¶ That caused Vertu after my kynll woo to feele
¶ For therof grewe nought but all conly weede.
¶ Whiche made the grounde as sleper as an yele.
¶ He went ayene to vice & tolde hym euery dele.
¶ How he had done and bad hym come a way.
¶ For he had so purueyde þ byce sholde haue þ day.

¶ Soo as it happed at þ felde they mete.
¶ Frewyll vertu and vice as tripartite.
¶ Saaf vertu a litil before the felde had gete.
¶ And ellis his auantage forsooth had be full yght.
¶ Not for they encombred so was neuer wyght.
¶ As vertu & his men were with the ranke. wede
¶ That in þ felde gre w of sensualitees fede.

¶ But as soone as byce of vertu had a syght.
¶ He gan swage gonnes as he had be wcode
¶ That heryng vertu comaunded euery wyght
¶ To paupce hym vnder the sygne of þ rode.
¶ And bad he not drede but kepe styll wherethy.
¶ It was but a shour shold sone cofoude (stode.
¶ wherfore he comaunded the stad : kepe her groun.

¶ And whan byce cam nerer to the felde.
¶ He callyd soze for bowes & bad hem shote faste
¶ But vertu & hys meyny bare of with þ held.
¶ Of the bylyd terynte ay tyll shot was past.
¶ And wha shot was done byce cam forth at last.
¶ Purposyng the felde wyth assaute to wyn.
¶ But he kept it long he myght not ent theryn.

All that tyme frewyl stode & hym bethought.
To which he myzt leue & what pr he wold take.
At last sensualite had hy so fer brought.
That he sayd playnly he wold forsake.
And in hyce hys quarell all his power make.
Nota This quod reason y is not for the beste.
And so he sayd frewyl I wyl do as my lyst.

Vertu was full heuy when he see frewyl
Take part with hyce but yet neuerthelelle.
He dyde that he myght the felde to kepe styll.
Tyll hyce with frewyl so loze gan hy oppresse.
That he was constrayned clerely by duresse.
A lytyll tyne abacke to make abew retret.
All thyng consydered hit was the best feet.

First to remembre how hyce parte was.
Ten aych one stronger by lykynesse.
And than how frewyl was with hym alas.
Whoo coude deme vertu but in heynesse.
How euer to thynke how that sleper gresse.
That of sensualyte hys on kynde seede grew.
Under foot in standyng encombred vertew

But notwithstanding vertue his men all.
Robelly they bare and faught myghtyly.
Howbeit y sleper gresse made many of he fail.
And from thense in maner departe sodenly.
That scyng hyce his hoost began to shout & cry.
And sayd on y Pluto name on all is cure.

For this day shal Wyce be made a conquerour.

Thus Vertu was by myght of vyce & drew
Dryuen out of the feld it was the more pyte. yll
How by it yet Baptym kept his ground styll.
And wth hym abode feyth hope & vyte.
And komynge also wth a grete meyne.
Confessyon contrycyon were redy at her hond.
And Satisfaction Wyce to wythstond.

But al the tyme whyle Vertu was away.
A mysty conslycte kept they wth Wyces rout.
And yet neuertheles for al that grete afray.
Hope stod bypryght & feyth wold neuer lout
And euermot sayd Baptym lyres put no dout.
Vertu shal return & haue his entent.
This feld shal be ours o^r let me be lhent.

And whyl thyle pety capteys suffend th^{er} feld
Wyth Vertu his reward come good pleurauns
An hugy mysty hoost & whan he beheld.
How Vertu hym withdrew he toke dyspleauns.
And whā he to h^{is} cam he sayd ye shal your chās
Take as it fallyth wherfoze retorne ye must.
Yet ones for your sake wth Wyce shal I Just.

Alas that euer ye shold lese your honour.
And therwyth also y^e hygh ppetuel crown.
Which is for you kept in the celestyal tour.
Wherfoze be ye called chrystys champion.

How is it that ye haue noo compallyon.
On baptyme seyth & hope konnyng & vnte.
That stād so hard bestad & fyght as ye may see.

All the tresour erthely vnder þe fyrnamēt
That euer was made of goddys creacyon.
To reward theym euently were not equyvalent.
For her noble labour in his affleccyon.
Wherfore take vpon you your Ju til dyccyon
Rescu yonder knyghtes & recontynu fyght.
And els a dew your crown: or al your gret myzt

With these & luche wordys as I haue you tolde
By good perseueraunce vttered in this wyse.
Vertu hym remembred & gay to vere holde.
And layd yeuetrew knyghtis to rescu I auple
Let vs no lengar tary from this entrepyple.
A gayn to þe felde soo Vertu retourned.
That caused hē be mery þe lōg afore had moyned

Auaunt baner qd hē in þe name of Iesu
And with þe his people set vp a gret shoute.
And cryed with a loude voce a Vertu a Vertu.
They began wyce his hoost for to loke a boute.
But I trow pleueraunce was not long withoute
He bathed his swerd in his foos blood.
The boldest of hem all not ones hē withstoode.

Constaunce hym folowed & brought hē his spere
But whye pleueraunce saw wyce on his stede.

¶ Noman coude hym let tyll he came there.
¶ For to byd hym ryde I trow it was no nede.
¶ All Vertu his oost prayed for his good spede.
¶ Agayn Wyce he rode with his grete shaft.
¶ And hym ouerthrew for all his sorpyll craft.

¶ That seying frewill came to conscyence.
¶ And gayn hym to repente f he with hym had be.
¶ Prayeng hym of couzell for his grete offence.
¶ That he agayn Vertu had made his arme.
¶ What was best to doo to humptyte:
¶ No conscyence must f go so he hym thyder sent.
¶ Dysguyled f he were not knowen as he wente.

¶ And whan he thyder came humptyte hym toke.
¶ A token a bad hym go to confestyon.
¶ And shew hym his mater with a peteous loke.
¶ Whiche done he hym sent to contrycyon.
¶ And fro then fozthe to satysfaccyon.
¶ Thus fro poost to pyler was he made to daunce.
¶ And at the last he went fozthe to penaunce.

¶ But now for to tel you whē Wyce was oūthrow.
¶ A gret part of his oost about hym gayn resorte.
¶ But he was so febyll f he coude noman know.
¶ And whan they se f they knew no comforte.
¶ But carped hym a way be a preuy porte.
¶ And as they carped dyspeyre with hē met.
¶ With Wyce his rewarde he cam theym for to fet.

¶ Then came there downe goodly ladies twen.
¶ From the h: ghe heuen aboue the fyrnamente.
¶ And sayd the gret Alpha & Do moost souereyn.
¶ For that nobell tryumphe had hem thyder sent.
¶ One of hem to dryue Wyce to grette tormente.
¶ With a fyre strong & she bare in her hande.
¶ And so he dede dyspere & all his hole bande.

¶ The name of this lady was called Destynce.
¶ She neuer left Wyce ne none & wolde hy folow.
¶ Tyll they were comytted by & dryue sentence.
¶ All to payne perpetuell & Infynyte sorow.
¶ Right wysnes went to se & nomā shold hē borow.
¶ Th^o al entreted sharply were they tyll Cerber^o.
¶ Had hem belshut within his gates tenebr^o.

¶ And all & whyle & Destynce w her scorge smert
¶ To rewarde Wyce gan her thus occupy.
¶ With all his hole bande after her desert.
¶ That other glozypo^o lady & came fro heuē on hy.
¶ Hauyng in her honde the palme of vycory.
¶ Came downe to Vertu & toke hym to & p̄sent.
¶ Sayeng thus that Alpha & Do hath hym sent.

¶ And as ferre as I ryght coude vnderstonde
¶ That ladies name was Destynacyon.
¶ Vertu & his oost he blessyd w her honde.
¶ And in heuyn graunted hem habytacyon.
¶ Whereto eche of hem referyd was a crowne.
¶ She sayd in token that they enherytours.

Of the gloꝝy were & grācious conquerours.

Wyth done the ladyes' apen to gyder met
And towarde heuen by they gan to sty
Embraced in armes as they had ben knyght.
Cogged w a gyrdyl but so sodenly.
As þy wet banysshyd saw I neuþyng w ey.
And anone Vertu wyth al his company.
Kneled doū & thāked god of þ victoꝝy.

Bet had I forget whan Uyce was ouerthrow.
To haue told you hou many of Uyceys hoost.
Gay to seke pease & darked doū ful low.
And belought mercy what so euer it coste.
To be her niene to Vertu els þy wē but lost.
And some in yke wyle to feyth & hope lought.
What to do for pease they sayd they ne couste.

Some also Baptym sewed to be her mene.
Som to one som to other as thei hē gete myzte.
But al to Confessyō wēt to make hē clene
And as þy came to cōspēce he thei bad go lyzte.
Er thā old attropes of hē had a lyzt.
For yf he so thei toke lost they wē for euer
He sayd Uyce to forlake better late thē neuer.

Some eke for sotout drew to circūcisiō.
But by hē roud they gete but smal fauoure.
For he in that company was h. d but in derptyd
Neuer þelle to feyth he bad hē go labour.

¶ Prayng they for olde acqweyntāce they socoure
¶ Wel qd feth for his sake I shal do y I may doo
¶ But fyrste for the best way baptyng go ye to.

¶ For by hym sonest shal ye recouer grace.
¶ Which shal to Vertu byng you by processe.
¶ Wherfore in ony wyle loke ye make good face.
¶ And let noman know of your heuynes.
¶ So they were by baptyng brouzt out of desyres
¶ Turned al to Vertu & whan this was done.
¶ Vertu cūmaūded frewyl before hym come.

¶ To whom thus he sayd I haue grete merueyl
¶ Ye durst be so bold Wyces party to take.
¶ Who had you do so & yauē you that counseyl.
¶ Justly vnto that ye shal me prey make.
¶ They sayd frewyll & swemfully spake.
¶ Knelyng on his kne wyth a chere denyng.
¶ I pray you syz let ppte your eyes to me enclyne.

¶ And I shall yow tel the berrey soth of all.
¶ How it was & who made me that way drawe.
¶ For soth sensualyte his ppe name they call.
¶ A sayd reason they I know wel that felowe.
¶ Wyld he is & wanton of me stant hy none awe.
¶ Is he so qd Vertu wel he shall be taught.
¶ As a player shuld to draw another draught.

¶ And w that came sadnelle wyt his sober chere.
¶ Bryngyng Sensualite beyng ful of thought.

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How

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And sayd that he had take hym prysoner.
A welcome sayd Vertu now haue I þe I souzt.
Blessed be the good lord as þe wold it is nought
Why arte þe so wanton he sayd for shame.
O þe go at large þe shalt be more tame.

But stode a part a whyle tyl I haue spoke a word
Wyth frewyl a lyrl & then I haite þe knowe.
What chalbe thy tynauce: then he sayd in boord
Unto frewyl the bend of your bowe.
Begynnyth to luke but suche as ye haue sowe
About nedes reple there is none waye.
Not wythstondyng that lette what ye can saye.

What is your habillite me to recompense.
For the grete harme that ye to me haue do.
Forsoth sayd frewyl in open audyence.
But oonly Macrocolme more haue I not loo.
Take þe yf it pleyse you I wyl that it be soo.
Yf I may vnderstand ye be my good lord.
In dede sayd Vertu to that wyl I acorde.

Then made Vertu Reason his leyfenaunte.
And gaue hi a grete charge macrocolme to kepe
That done Sensualite yeld hym recreaunte.
And began for anger bytterly to wepe.
For he demed surely hys sorowe shold not slepe
Then made Vertu frewyl bayl vnto Reason.
The felde for to occupy to his behoue that season.

And then sayd Vertu to Sensualyte.
Thou shalt be rewarded for thy beynesse.
Under this furme al fraglyte.
Shalt þ forlake both more and lesse.
And vnd the gudyng þ shalt be of sadnesse.
All though it somewhat be agayn thy herte.
Thy Iugement is gyuen þ shalt it not aserte.

And euyh w that came in vaine Nature.
Sayeng th^o to Vertu syr ye do me wronge.
By durcelles constreynt to put this creature.
Gemyll Sensualyte þ hath me fued longe.
Clerely from his lyberte & set hym amonge.
Theþ that loue hþ not to be het vndloute.
As it were a cast away or a sho cloute.

And perde ye know well a rewe haue I must
Wythin Macrocolme forlooth I say not nay.
No Vertu bu t sensualyte shal not pform your lust
Lyke as he hath do befor this yf I may.
Therfro hþ restreyn sadnesse shal assay.
How be it ye shal haue your hole lyberte.
Wythin Macrocolme as ye haue had fre.

And whan Vertu had to Nature sayd thys
A lpytll tyne his ey castyng hym helyde.
He se in a corner stondyng Morpleus.
That hþ befoze warned of þ berely tyde.
A lpyr sayd Vertu yet we must abyde.
Here is a frend of ours may not be forgete.

After his deserte we shall h^y entreate

Morple^s sayd. Vertu I thanke you hertely.

For your trewe herte & your grete laboure.

That yelyst to come to me soo redely.

Whan ye vnderstod h^y comyng of that shoure.

I thanke god & you of sauyng of my honoure.

Wherfore this preuylage now to you I grāt

That w^hin Macrocologie ye shall haue your haūt

And of fyue posternes h^y keys shall ye kepe.

Lettyng in & out at h^y whome yelyst.

As long as in Macrocologie your fast wyll crepe.

Where whos ey ye wyll hardely w^h your myst

And kepe your werkes close there as in a chyst

Saaf I wold desyre you spare Dollucyon.

For no th^g may me please h^y soueth to corrupcyon.

And whā he had th^g sayd h^y keyes he h^y toke.

And toward his castell w^h his people went

Byddyng reasoun take good hede & about loke.

That sensualite by Nature were not shēt.

Kepe h^y thort he sayd tyll his lust be spēt

For better were a chylde to by vnboze.

Chany let h^y haue h^y wyll & fōreuer before.

And whā olde Attropos had seen & herd all this

How Vertu had opteyned astonyed as he stood.

He sayd to h^y selfe somwhat there is amys.

I trow well my patent be not all good.

¶ Sayeng to the goddys I see ye do but iape.
¶ After a worthy wherw haue ye made me gape.

¶ How a deuyll way sholde I Vertue ouerthrow.
¶ When he dredeth not all your holeroute.
¶ How can ye make good your patēt wold I know
¶ Hit is to Impollable to byng that aboute.
¶ For stryke hym may I not his out of doute.
¶ A good Attropos sayd god Apollo.
¶ In answeare conuenient shall thou haue herto.

¶ The wordes of thy patent dare I well say
¶ Stretch to no farther but were dame Nature
¶ Hath Iurysdyccyon the to haue thy way Nota.
¶ And largesse to stryke as longe to thy cure.
¶ And as for Vertu he his no cryature.
¶ Under the predycament conteyned of quantyte
¶ Wherfore his dysstruccyon longeth not to the.

¶ A ha sayd Attropos then I see well.
¶ That all ye goodys be but couēterfete.
¶ For so God there is that can euerydell.
¶ Courne as hym lest bothe dye & whete.
¶ In to whoos seruyce I shal assay to gete.
¶ And yf I may ones to his seruyce come.
¶ Your names shal be put to oblyuone.

¶ Thus went Attropos fro the paleys wrooth.
¶ But in the mene tyme whyle he there was.
¶ Glydyng by the paleys resyduacyon gooth.

Towarde Macrocolme with a pēynted face.
Clad lyke a pylgryme walkyng a grete pace.
In the forme as he had ben a man of ynde.
He wede haue made reson & sadnesse boih blynde

With sensualyte was he soone aqueynted.
To whome he dec. ared his mater pryuely.
Et he was espyed for all his face pēynted.
Then reson h^y comaunded pyke h^y thēs lightly.
For his ease qd sadnesse so cou. eyll hym wyl. J.
Soo was sensualyte ay kepte vnder foote.
That to relyquacyon myght he dos no boote.

Then went he to Nature & asked her auple.
His entent to opteynde what was befit to dos.
She layd euer lyth Vertu of vyce wan & pryple.
Reson with sadnesse hath reved the felde soo.
That J & sensualyte may lytill for the doo.
For J may noo more but oonly kepe my cours.
And yet is sensualyte stronger kept & wours.

Th^o her h^yg relyquacyon fro thēs he went ageyn.
Full of thought & sorow h^y he myght not spece.
Than reson & sadnesse toke wedehokes tweyn.
And all wylde wātonesse out h^y felde gan wede.
With all thr. cllyper grasse h^y grewe of the seide.
That sensualyte befoze therin lew.
And fro thens forth kept it clene for bertew.

Than began new grase in the felde to spryng.

¶ All vnlyke þ̄ other of colour fayr & bryght.
 ¶ But then I alpyed a meruelous thyng.
 ¶ For the grounde of þ̄ felde gan weþ hore & whyt.
 ¶ I coude not conceyue how þ̄ be myght.
 ¶ Tyll I was enformed & taught it to know.
 ¶ But wher vertu occupyet must nedes wel grow.

¶ Yet in the mene tyme while the felde thus grow.
 ¶ And reson with sadnesse therof had goueraunce.
 ¶ Many a preuy messenger thyder sent Vertew.
 ¶ To know yf it were gupded to his plesaunce.
 ¶ Now prayer eft fastyng & often tyme penaunce.
 ¶ And whan he myghti goo preuely almesdeede.
 ¶ And bad h̄ to his powr er helpe where he le nede.

¶ While þ̄ felde thus reweled reson with sadnesse.
 ¶ Maugre dame Nature for all her carnall might.
 ¶ Came thyder Attropos voyd of all gladnesse.
 ¶ Wrapped in his shete & ayd of eny wyght.
 ¶ Coude wysse hym the way to the lorde of light.
 ¶ Or ellis where myght fynder ryghwysnesse.
 ¶ For so the sayd reysen I Thomas I gisse.

¶ At Vertu his castell ye may soone hym fynde.
 ¶ Iste lytt the laboure thyder to take.
 ¶ And there shall ye know yf ye be not blynde.
 ¶ The next way to the lord of lyght I vnder take.
 ¶ So thyder went Attropos pelycyon to make.
 ¶ To ryght wysnesse preyeng that he myght.
 ¶ Be take in to the seruyse of the lorde of lyght.

What sad ryghwysnesse þe olde dotyng foole.
Whome past thou seruyd syth the worlde begā
But oonli hym where hast þe go to scole.
Whether art þe double or elles the sam man.
That thou were fyrst a syr sayd he than.
I praye you hertely holde me excused.
I am olde & febell my wyttys are dysused.

Well sayd ryghwysnes for as moche as thou.
Knowest not thy mayst thy name shal I chaunge
Dethe shalt þe be caled from hēs for ward now
Among all the peple that shal be had straunge.
But whan þe begynnest to make thy chalaunge.
Dredde shalt thou be where so thou become.
And to noo creature shalt thou be welcome.

And as for theym whome thou dedest serue.
For as moche as they presume on hem to take.
That hygh name of god they shal as they desue
Therfore be rewarded I dare vndtake.
Wyth payn ppetual among fendes blake.
And her names shall be put to oblypon.
Among men but it be in dyspypon.

Aha sayd Attropos now begyne I wex glad.
That I shal thus auenged of hem be.
Syth they so long tyme haue made me so mad.
Pre god ryght wysnesse here what I say to the.
The lord of lyght sent the worde by me.

That in Macrocolme lesyne shalt thou take
Wherfoze thy darte redy loke thou make

And as soone as Vertue that vnderstood
He sayd he was pleased that it sholde soo be
And euen forth with he comaunded presthood
To make hym redy the felde for to se
So thyder went presthode with benygnyte
Conueyeng thyder the blessyd sacrament
Of Eukaryst but fyrst were thyder sent

Confessyō contricyon and satysfaccyō (nota
Sorow for synne and grete repentaunce
Holy deuocyon with good dysposicyon
All these thyder came and also penaunce
Asher dewte was to make purueaunce
Agayn the comyng of that blessyd lorde
Serph hope & charyte therto were acorde

Reason with sadnesse dyde his dyslygence
To clenke the felde within and without
And whan they se the nobely presence
Of that holy Eukaryst lowly gan they lout
So was that lorde receyued out of dout
With all humble chere debonayre & benygne
Lyky to pleasure it was a grete sygne

Then came to the felde the mynyster fynall
Called holy vnccyon with a crysmatory
The fyue hye wayes in especyall

Therof he anoynted & made hit sanctuary
Whome folowed deeth whiche wolde not tary
His feruent power there to put in vye
As he was comāded graūtyng dame Nature

Nota.

He toke his darte called his niortall aunce
And bent his stroke towarde the felde herte
That seying preesthode had good remembraūce
Towarde the felde tourne hym & aduerte
For except hym all vertues thense must sterre
And euen with that dethe there selvyn toke
And then all the company clerely hit forsoke

And as soone as dethe thus had selvyn take
The colour of the felde was chaūged sodeynly
The grasse therin seere as though it had be bak
And the fyue hygh wayes were mured vpon hy
That fro thelforwarde none entre shold therbi
The posternes were also without lette
Bothe inwarde & outwarde fyne fast shette

Whiche done sodeynly dethe banysshed a way
And Vertu exalted was aboue the fyrmament
Where he toke crowne of glozy & is ay
Preparate by Alpha & oo omnyppotent
The swete frute of macrocolme thyd w hys wat
And on all this mater as I stood musyng thus
Agayn fro the felde to me came Morpleus

Sayēg thus what chere how lyke thys fyght

Haste thou seen ynough or wyll thou see more
Nay fyr I sayd my trouthe I you plyght
This is suffycyente yf I knew wherfore
This was to me shewed for therof he loze
Conepte I to haue yf I gete myght
Folow me quod he and haue thy delyght

Soo I hym folowed tyll he had me brought
To a foresquare herber walled round aboute
Loo qd Morple? here maist thou þ thou sought
Fynde yf thou wyll I put the out of doute
Al tyll whyle we stood styll there withoute
Tyll wytte chyf porter of that herber gate
Requyred by stodye lete vs in there ate

But whan I came in meruayled gretly
Of that I behelde & herde reporte
For fyrst in a chayre apparaylled royally
There late dam doctryne her children to exorte
And about her was many a sondry sorte
Some wyll yng to lerne dyuerse science
And some for to haue perfyte intellygence

Crowned she was lyke an Emperesse
With iii. crownes standyng on her hede on by
All teyng about her an Infynyte processe
were to declare I tell you certaynly
Neuerthelesse some in mynde therof haue I
Whiche I shall to you as god wyll yeue me grace
As I sawe & herde tell in short space

Tast by Doctryne on that one syde
As I remembre late holy Terte
That opened his mouth to þ people wyde
But not in comparyson to Glose þ late nexte
Moralyzacyon with a cloke contexte
Sate & Scrypture was scrybe to theym all
The late ay wytyng of that that holde fall

These were tho that I there knewe
By no maner waye of olde acqweyntaunce
But as I befoze saw theym with Vertewe
Company in felde & hauyng dalyaunce
And as I thus stood halfe in a traunce
Whyle they were occuppyed in her belynesse
Aboute the walles myn ey gan I dresse
Reasons frunt
Where I beheld the meruaylous stoyr
That euer I yet sawe in ony pycture
For on tho walles was made memoiry
Spyngulerly of euery creature
That there had byn bothe forme & stature
Whoos names reherse I wyll as I can
Bryng theym to mynde in ordre euery man

Fyrst to begynne there was in portrature
Adā & Eue holdyng an apell rounde
Noe in a shyp & Abraham hauyng sure
Styntstone in his honde & Isaac lay bounde
On an hyghe mouite Jacob slepyng sounde
And a long ladder stood belyde
Joseph in a Cysterne was also there that tyde

¶ Next whom stode Moyses with his tables two
¶ Aaron and Ure his armes supportynge
¶ Ely in a brennyng chare was there also.
¶ And Elyze stode clad in hermytes c othyng.
¶ Dauid wyth an harpe and a stone synge.
¶ Ilaye Jeremy and Ezechyell.
¶ And cloed wyth Lyons holy Danpell.

¶ Abacuc Mychce wyth Malachy.
¶ And Jonas out of a whales body comynge.
¶ Samuel in a Temple & holy zachary.
¶ Besyde an aultre all blody stondynge.
¶ Olee wyth Judyth stood there conspyryng.
¶ The deth of Dioferne & Salamon.
¶ A chylde wyth hys swerde dypdyng in two.

¶ Many mo pphetes certeynly there were.
¶ Whos names now come not to my mynde:
¶ Belchysedech also Iespyed there.
¶ Biede & wyne offryng as fell to his kynde.
¶ Joachym & Anna stode al behynde.
¶ Embraced in armes to the golden gate.
¶ And holy Johan Baptyst in desert sat.

¶ And now comyth to my remembrance.
¶ I am auyled I saw Sodechy:
¶ And Amos also with sober countenaunce.
¶ Stondyng wyth her faces towarde Sophony.
¶ Neemy & Eldras bare hem companye.
¶ The hoy man Job as an Impotent.

Then folowed in pycture wyth Thoby parrent

Thyle wyth many mo on that one syde.

Of that grene herber poztrayed were.

A sayd Morpleus a lypill tyme abyde.

Turn thy face where thy backe was ere.

And beholde well what thou seeſte there.

Than I me turned as he me badde.

With herte ſtedfaſte & countenaunce ſadde.

Where I ſawe Peter wyth his keyes ſtonde.

Poule wyth a ſwerde and James alſo.

Wyth a ſcalop & Thomas holdyng in his honde.

Alpere and Phylpp aproched hym to:

James the leſſe nexte hem in pycture loo.

Stode wyth Bartylmew whych was all flayn

Symon & Thadee ſhewed how they were ſlayn

Mathy and Barnabe drawyng lottys ſtode

Nexte whome was Marke a Lyon hym by.

Hys boke holdyng & Mathew in his mode.

Reſembled an aungell wyth wyngys g'pouly.

Luke had a calfe to holde his boke on hye.

And Johan wyth a cuppe & palme in his honde.

An Egge bare his book thus ſaw I hem ſtonde

Gregory and Jerome Juſtyn and Ambroſe.

Wyth pyllys on ther hedes ſtode lyke doctours

Bernard wyth Amſelme and as I ſuppeſe.

Thomas of alquyne and Domynyk cōfeſſours

¶ Benet and Hew relygyous gouernours.
¶ Martyn & Johan with byllhops twayne.
¶ Were there alio and Crylostom certayne.

¶ Behynd all thyle was worlhyppfull Bede.
¶ All behynde and next hym stood Drygene.
¶ Hydynge his face as he of his dede.
¶ Had hem a shamed ye wote what I mene.
¶ For of errour he was not al clene.
¶ And on that syde stode laste of alle.
¶ The noble pphetylla Sybell men her call.

¶ Let me remembre now I you pray
¶ Why barayn is so thynne I deme in my herte
¶ Some of the felishypp that I there lay.
¶ In all this whyle to haue ouersferte.
¶ I benedicte none ere coude I aduerte.
¶ To thyke on Andrew the apostle wth his crosse.
¶ Whome to forgete were a grete losse.

¶ Many one were peynted on that wall.
¶ Whooos names come not to my remembraunce
¶ But thyle I marked in espe cyall.
¶ And moo coude I tell in countenaunce.
¶ Of tyme but forih to shewe you the substaunce.
¶ Of this mater in the myndys of that arbere.
¶ Sat Doctryne coloured as ony crystall clere.

¶ Crowned as I to/ld you late here before.
¶ Whooos apparayl was worth tresour In synye

¶ All earthly rycheſſe count I no more.
¶ To that in cōparyſon valewylg the a myte.
¶ouer her hede houed a culuer ſayr & whyte.
¶ Out of her byll pceded a grete leme.
¶ Downward to Doctryne lyke a ſonne beme

¶ The wordes of Doctryne paue grete redolēs.
¶ In ſwetneſſe of laour to her dyſcyples al.
¶ It fer exceded myr & frankencenſe.
¶ Or any other tre ſpyce or els galle.
¶ And whan ſhe me elpyed anone ſhe gay me cal.
¶ Ad cōmaūded morple? ſhe l hold br me nere
¶ For ſhe wold me her the effect of my deſyre.

¶ She ſayd I know the cauſe of thy comyng.
¶ As to vnderſtand be in ynformal yon.
¶ Senſyble the mater of morple leuſ his ſhe wyng.
¶ As he hath the led about in beſyon.
¶ Wherfore now I apply thy natural reaſon.
¶ Vnto my wordes & oz thou hens wend.
¶ Thou ſhalt it know begynnynge and ende.

¶ For whan Colus to pluto was broughte:
¶ By hys owne neclygence taken pryſonere.
¶ Wythin the erth for he ſo fer ſoughte.
¶ Sygnifyed is no more be that matere.
¶ But only to ſhew the how it doth appere:
¶ That welth vnbrýdeled at thyn eye.
¶ Embraceſh myſrewe and oft cauſyth foly.

¶ For lyke as Colus beyng at his large
¶ Streipted hymselfe thurgh his own lewdnesse
¶ For he wolde deele where he had no charge
¶ Ryght soo wantons by her wyldenesse
¶ Ofte lythe byng hymselfe in dystresse
¶ Be cause they somtyme to largely deele
¶ What may wozs be suffred thā ouermykell weele

¶ By Mynos the Iuge of hell desperate
¶ May be vnderstonde goddys ryghtwysnes
¶ That to euery wyght his payne deputate
¶ Allyneth acor dyng to his wyckednes
¶ wherfore he is called Iuge of cruelines
¶ And as for Dyana & Neptunus compleynte
¶ Ifygured may be fooles reason feynt.

¶ For lyke as they made her suggstyon
¶ To haue me Colus from cours of his kynde
¶ whiche was Impossyble to byng to correccyon
¶ For euermore his lyberte haue wyl the wynde
¶ In lyke wyle fooles other whyle be blynde
¶ wenyng to subdew with her one honde
¶ That is ouermykell for all an hole londe

¶ But what foloweth therof that shall thou here
¶ when they were come to the bankete
¶ The grete Apollo with his sad chere
¶ Soo fayre & curiously gan theym entret
¶ That he made her beerdys on the new gete
¶ Loo what wyl dome dooth to a foole

Wherefore are children put to scoole

Ofte is it seen with sobze contenance
That wyle men fooles overcome ay
Cornyng as hem lyst & all her varyaunce
Chaunge from ernest in to mery play
What were they bothe amendeth that day
When they were dzeuen to her wyttes ende
Were they not fayne to graunt to be his frende

Ryght soo fooles when they haue done
All that they can than be they fayne
Gyue bp hed mater to oblyuione
Without rewarde they haue nomore drayne
And yet ful ofte hath hit be layne
When they it haue forpete & set at nought
That they full dere haue afterwarde it bought

And as for all tho that represent
To be called goddys at that banket
Resemble false ydollys but to his entent
Was Morpleus comaunded thyder the to set
That thou shouldest know the maner & the get
Of the paynym law and of her byleue
How false ydolatry ledeth hem by the sleue

For soone bypon the worldys creacyon
When Adam and Eue had broke the precept
Whiche clerkes call the tyme of deuyacyon
The worldly people in paynym law slept

¶ Tyll moyses vnd god the tables of stone kept
¶ In whiche tyme Poetes feyned many a fable
¶ To dyscrete Reason ryght acceptable

¶ And to the entent that they sholde founde
¶ To the eeres of hem the more pleasantly
¶ That theſe ſholde rede or here they gaue theſe a
¶ And addid names vnto theſe naturally (groūd
¶ Of whom they ſpake & callid he goddis hy
¶ Some for the ſtrength & myght of her nature
¶ And ſome for her ſotyll wyſty coniecture

¶ By nature thus as the ſeuē planettes
¶ Haue her propre names by Aſtronomeres
¶ But goddys were they called by olde Poetes
¶ For her gret feruency of workyng in her ſperes
¶ Experyence preueth this at all yeres
¶ And for as otheſe that goddys called be
¶ For ſotyll wyſte that ſhall I teche the

¶ How they by that hyghe name of god cam
¶ In this ſayd tyme the people was ſo rude
¶ That what maner creature man or woman
¶ Coude ony newelte contrye and conclude
¶ For the comon wele all the multytude
¶ Of the comon people a god ſholde hym call
¶ Or a goddeſſe after hit was fall

¶ Of the ſame thyng that was ſo newe founde
¶ As Ceres for ſhe the craſte of tylthe fonde

Cherby more plentouously corne dyd haboude
Che people her called through out euery londe
Coddelle of corne wendyng in her honde
Chad layn all power of cornes habundaunce
Chus were þe paynems deceyued by ignoraunce

CIn lyke maner Jlys was called the goddesse
COf frute for she fyrst made it multiply
CBy the name of grassyng & soo by proccesse
CThe name of Pan gan to deysy
CFor he fyrst founde the mene sheperts guy
CSome toke it also by her condycyon
CAs Pluto Fortune and suche other doon

Chus all that Poetes put vnder couerture
COf fable the rurall people hit toke
CProperly as acte refulyng the fygure
CWhiche errour some of hem neuer forloke
COfte a false myrour deceyueth a mannes loke
CAs thou mayst dayly pryue at thyne ey
Chus were the paynems deceyued generally

Chat seyng the dedely enemy of mankynde
CBy his pouer premyssyue entred the ymagys
CWithin the Temples to make the people blynde
CIn her ydolatry standyng on hyghe stagys
CIn lonioche whoo bled daungerous passagys
COny maner way by water or be londe
CWhen hyd his sacryfyce his ans were redy fonde

Thus during the tyme of deuyacion
From Adam to Moyses was ydolatry
Through the worlde used in comon oppynion
These were the goddys that thou there ly
And as for the a wayters that stood hem by
They polypke Whylosophers & Poetes were
Whiche feyned the fables þ I speke of here

Then sealed the tyme of deuyacion
When Moyses receyued that tables of stone
Entying the tyme of reuocacion
On the mounte of Synay stondyng allone
God paue hym myght ayene all his sone
And then began the olde testament
Whiche to the people by Moyses was sent

And that tyme dured the Incarnacyon
Of Cryste and then began it to sele
For then came the tyme of reconcyliacyon
Of man to god I tell the doutlele
When the sone of man put hym in prele
Wylfully to suffre dethe for mankynde
In holy scrypture this mayst thou fynde

This Reconcyliacyon was the tyme of grace
When founded was the churche vpon þ fayre stoe
And to holy Peter the keye delyuered was
Of heuen hell dyspoyled was anone
Thys was mankynde delyuered from his sone
And then began the newe testament

Whiche.iii.tymes a sondry dyuyded
Mayst thou here ice yt thou lyst beholde
The fyrst behynde the in pycture in prouyded
The seconde of the lyft honde shew pphes olde
The.iii.on the ryght honde here it is to y tolde
Thus hast thou in vpon the verrey fygure
Of there.iii.tymes here shewed in portraiture

That is to say fyrst of deupacyon
From Adam to Moyles recordeyng scripture
Seconde fro Moyles to the Incarnacyon
Of Cryst kepeth reuocacyon cure
And as loz the thyrd thou mayst be verrey sure
Wyl dure from thens to the worldes ende
But now the.iii.must thou haue in mynde

Whiche is callid pperly y tyme of pylgremage
After some & some named it otherwyle
And call hit the tyme of daungerous passage
And some of werre that fully hit dyspyle
But what so it be named I wyl the auyse
Remembre it well and prynte it in thy mynde
Wherof the fygure mayst thou me behynde

And elles remembre thyselfe in thyn herte
How Wyce & Vertue dayly theyn occupy
In maner one of hem hym to peruerte
Another to byng hym to endeles glozy
Thus they contynue fyght for the vyctory
It is no nede herof to tell the moze

For in this short bylpyon þu hast seen it before

And as for Atropos greuous compleynt

Unto the goddys betokeneth noo more

But sonly to shew the how frendely constreint

On a stedfast herte weyeth full soze

Good wyll requyret good wyll ayene therfore

Dyscorde to deth hathe ay byn a frende

Nor Dyscorde byngeth many to her ende

Wherfore Dethe thought he wolde auctiged be

On his frendes quarell yf that he myghte

For her gret unkyndnesse in somoche as she

Was among hem all had so in despyte

And at that banket made of soolyte

Whiche caused hym among hē to cast in a bone

That foude they gnawynge ynough euerichone

Thus ofte is seen on frende for a nother

Wyll lay & doo and some tyme maters feyne

And also kynnyshmen a colyne or a brother

Wyll for his alyer he haue cause compleyne

And where that he loueth doo his besy peyne

His frendes mater as his owne to take

Whiche oft sythe causeth inychyll sorow awake

Be hit ryght or wrong he chargeth not a myte

Ap towarde that poynt he taketh lytyll hede

So that he may haue his frowarde appetpfe

Ber formed he careth not how his soule spede not

C Of God or Deuill haue suchelytyll dyede
C How be it one there is that lord is of all
C Whiche to euery wyght at last rewardes hall

Cm
C And as for þatayl betwene Vertu holde
C Soo playnly appereth to the inwardly
C To make expolycyon therof new or olde
C Were but superfluyte there fore refuse hit I
C In man shall thou fynde þe were kept dayly
C Lyke as þe hast seen it forwyue before thy face
C The pecture me behynd iheweth it i lytyll space

C And as for Macrocolme it is nomore to say
C But the lesse worlde to the comon entent
C Whiche applyed is to man both nyght & day
C Soo is man the felde to whiche all were sent
C On bothe partyes & they that thyder went
C Sygnyfye nomore but after the condycyon
C Of euery manes oppynyon

C And as for the noble knyght Perseueraunce
C Whiche gate the felde when it was almost gone
C Betokeneth nomore but the contynuaunce
C Of vertuous lyuyng tyll dethe hath auergone
C Who soo wyl doo rewarded is anone
C As Vertue was with the crowne on hy
whiche is noo more but cuerlastyng glory

C And as for Destynacyon
C That eche of hem rewarded after his deserte

¶ Is to vnderstonde nomoze but dampnacyon
¶ To bycypous people is the verrey scourge smert
¶ Rewarde for they fro Vertue wolde peruert
¶ And endelesse Joye is to hem that be electe
¶ Rewarded & to all that folow the same secte

¶ And as for the keyes of the posternes tyme
whiche were to Morple^s rewarded for his labour
¶ Sygnifye not elles but whyle man is on lyue
¶ His tyme inwarde wyttis shall be every hour
¶ In his slepe occupped in hele & in langour
¶ With fantasyes tryfels Illulpyons & dremes
¶ whiche Poetes call Morpleus stremes

¶ And as for Residuiacyon is nomoze to say
¶ But after Confessyon tomyng avenes to synne
¶ whiche to euery man retornyth sauns delay
¶ To bycypous lyuyng agayn hym to wyne
¶ whyle ony man lyueth wyll it neuer blynne
¶ That cursed conclusyon for to byng aboute
¶ But Reason with Sadnes kepe it styll oute

¶ Here hast thou properly the verrey sentence
¶ Herde now declared of this byson
¶ The pycture also yeueth clere intellygence
¶ Therof beholden with good dyscrecyon
¶ Loke well aboute and take consyderacyon
¶ As I haue declared whether hit soo be
¶ A syr quoth Morpleus what tolde I the

Hast thou properly the verey sentence
Loke on yon wall ponder before
And all that tyme stood I in a wyre
In hyche way fyrst myn hert wolde yeue more
To toke in a stody stood I therfore
Neuethelesse at last as Morpleus me badde
I looked forwarde with contenaunce sadde

Where I behelde in portraiture
The maner of the felde euen as it was
Shewed me before & euery creature
On bothe sydes beyng drawyng in small space
Soo careously in soo lytyll a compace
In all this worlde was neuer thyng wrought
Thit were Impossyble in ertne to be thought

And when I had long beholde that pycture
What qd Morpleus how longe shalte thou loke
Daryng as a dastard on yon portraiture:
Come of for shame thy wytte stante a croke
Itheryng that myn herte to me toke
Towarde the fourthe wall toznyng my bylage
Where I sawe Poetes & Phylosophers sage

Many one moo than at the banket
Serued the goddes as I sayde before
Som were made standyng & som in chayris set
Som lokyng on bokys as they had stodyed soze
Som drawyng almenakis & in her hondis boze
Astylabes takyng the altytude of the sonne

¶ Among whome Pyogenes late in a tonne

¶ And as I was lokyng on that fourthe wall

¶ Of Pyogenes beholdyng the ymage

¶ Sodeynly Doctryne began me to call

¶ And bad me tourne towarde hyr my bylage

¶ And soo then I dyde with humble corage

¶ Whan thynkest þ she sayd hast þ not thentent

¶ Yet of these foure walles what they represent

¶ The pycture on the fyrst þ standeth at my bakke

¶ Sheweth the þ present tyme of pylgremage

¶ Of whiche before I vnto thespake

¶ Whiche is the tyme of daungerous passage

¶ The seconde dyscretly agayne my bylage

¶ The tyme expresseth of Reuocacyon

¶ Whyle paynymelawe had the domynacyon

¶ The thyrde wall standyng on my lyfe honde

¶ The tyme representeth of Reuocacyon

¶ And the fourthe standyng on my ryght honde

¶ Determyneeth the tyme of Reconlyacyon

¶ This is the effecte of thy bysyon

¶ Wherfore the nedeth no more theron to muse

¶ Hit were but veyne thy wyttes to dysfule

¶ But duryng the tym of Reconlyacyon

¶ Thy tyme of pylgremage loke well þ spende

¶ And then well gracyous Predestynacyon

¶ Wrynge he to glozy at thy law ende

And euen with that came to my mynde
My fyrst conclusyon that I was aboute
To haue dreuen er slepe made me to lute

That is to say how Sensualyte
Wth Reason to a corde myght be brought aboute
Whiche caused me to knele downe on my kne
And beseke Doctryne determyne that doute
Do lord god sayd Doctryne canst þ not withoute
He that conclusyon byng to an ende
Ferre is fro the wytte & ferther good mende

And euen with that Dethe gan appere
Shewyng hymselfe as though that he wolde
His darte haue occupyed within that herbere
But there was none for hym yong nor olde
Saue oonly I Doctryne hym tolde
And when I herde hyr with hym comon thus
I me withdrew behynde Morpleus.

Dredyng full soze lest he with his dart.
Through Doctrynes wordes ony entresse.
In me wolde haue had oz claymed ony part
Whiche sholde haue caused me grete heuynesse
Within whiche tyme & short processe
Came thyder Reason and Sensualyte.
I quodh Doctryne ryght welcome be ye

Hit is not long sythe we of you spake
Ye must er ye goo determyne a doute

¶ And euen with that she the mater brake
¶ To theym & tolde hit euery where aboute
¶ I wolde haue be thens yf I had moute
¶ For fere I loked as blake as a cole
¶ I wolde haue copen in a moute hole

¶ What quoth Doctryne where is he now
¶ That meurd this mater straunge & dyffule
¶ He is a coward I make myn auow
¶ He hyded his hede his mocyon to refuse
¶ Blame hym not qd Reason alway þ to ble
¶ When he seeth Dethe soo nere at his honde
¶ Yet is his part hym to withstonde

¶ Or at the lesse way elles fro fym flee
¶ As longe as he may who dooth other wyle
¶ Is an ydeote quoth Sensualyte
¶ Who dzedeth not Dethe wyle men hym dyspyle
¶ What said Doctryne how long hathe this gyle
¶ We holden & vled thus a twixe you tweyne
¶ Ye were not wonte to acorde certeyne

¶ Yes quoth Reason in this poynt alway
¶ To euery man haue we yeven our counsayll
¶ Dethe for to flee as long as they may
¶ All though woth other wyle haue done our trauayll
¶ Eche other to represse yet withoute fayll
¶ In that poynt oonly dyscordeth we neuer
¶ Thus condescended therein be we for ever

¶ A ha sayd Doctryne then is the conclusyon
¶ Clerely determined of the gret doute
¶ That here was meuyd & halfe in derpyou
¶ She me then called & bad me loke oute
¶ Come forth she sayd & feere not this route
¶ And euen with that Reason & Sensualyte
¶ And Dethe fro thens were banyshted all thre

¶ Then loked I forth as Doctryne me badde
¶ When Dethe was gone me thought I was holde
¶ To shewe myselfe but yet was I sadde
¶ Me thought my doute was not as I wolde
¶ Clerely and openly declared & tolde
¶ Hit sowned to me as a parable
¶ Perke as a mythe or a fayned fable

¶ And Doctryne my conceyte gan elpy
¶ wherfore sayd she standest thou soo styll
¶ wherin is thy thought arte thou in stody
¶ Of thy questyon hast thou not thy fyl
¶ To the declared tell me thy wyll
¶ Herdest thou not Reason & Sensualyte
¶ Declared thy doute here befoze the

¶ Forsothe quoth I. I herde what they sayde
¶ But neuerthelesse my wytte is so thynne
¶ And also of Dethe I was so afrayde
¶ That hit is out where hit bent ynne
¶ And so that mater can I not wyne
¶ without your helpe & benyuolence

Therof to expresse the veray sentence

Well quod Doctryne then yee attendaunce
Unto my wordes & thou shalt here
Openly declared the concordance
At wene Sensualyte & Reason in fere
If thou take hede hit clerely dooth apere
How they were knette in one oppynon
Wothe agayn **D**e the helde contradycon

Whiche concordance nomore sygnifyeth
To playne vnderstandyng but in euery mane
Bothe Sensualyte & Reason applyeth
Kather **D**e the to flee then with hit to be tane
Loon that poynt accorde they holly thane
And in all other they clerely dyscorde
Thus is trewly set thy doubtfull monacorde

I heryng that kneled on my kne
And thanked her lowly for her dyscyplyne
That she wouchelafe of her benygnyte
Of tho gret doubtes me to enlumpne
Well was he worthy to be called Doctryne
If it had be nomore but for the solucyon
Of my demaunde & of this straunge bysion

And as I with myne hede began for to bow
As me well ought to do her reuerence
She thens departed I can not tell how
But within a moment gone was she thens

¶ Then sayd Morpleus let vs go hens
¶ what I holde we here tarpe lenger
¶ Hast thou not herde a generall answere

¶ To all thy materes that thou lyst to meue
¶ My tyme draweth nere that I must rest
¶ And euen therwith he toke me by the sleue
¶ And sayd goo we hens for that I holde I best
¶ As good is ynough as a grete fest
¶ Thou hast seen ynough holde the content
¶ And euen with þ forthe with hym I went

¶ Till he had me bzought agene to my bedde
¶ where he me founde and then pryncely
¶ He stode awaye I coude not vnderstande
¶ were he became but sodenly
¶ As he came he went I tell you berply
¶ whiche done fro slepe I gan to awake
¶ My body all in swet began for to shake

¶ For drede of the syght that I had sene
¶ wenyng to me all had he trewe
¶ Actuelly done where I had bene
¶ That batyll holde twene Wyce & Vertew
¶ But when I see hit hit was but a whew
¶ A dreame a fantasie & a thyng of nought
¶ To study thereon I had nomore thought

¶ Till at the last I gan me bethynke
¶ For what cause shewed was this bysion

¶ I knew not wherfore I toke pen & ynke
¶ And paper therof to make mencyon
¶ In wrytyng takyng consyderacyon
¶ That noo defaute were found in me
¶ Wheron accused I ought for to be

¶ For slouth that I had lest hit vntolde
¶ Neyther by mouthe nor in remembraunce
¶ Put it in wrytyng where thozugh many folde
¶ Wayes of accusaciō myght tozme me to greuaunce
¶ All this I sawe as I lay in a traunce
¶ But wheder it was with myne ey bodely
¶ Or not in certayn god knoweth & not I

¶ That to dyscerne I purpose not to dele
¶ Soo large by my wyll it longeth not to me
¶ Were hit dreame or bysyon for your owne wele
¶ All that shall hit rede here rad or se
¶ Take therof the best & let the worst be
¶ Try out the corne clene from the chaff
¶ And then may ye say ye haue a sure staff

¶ To stande by at nede of ye wyll it holde
¶ And walke by the way of Vertue
¶ But al wey beware be ye yong or olde
¶ That your fre wyll ay to Vertue moze
¶ Apply than to vyce the easyer may be boze
¶ The burden of the felde that ye dayly fyght
¶ Agayn your .iii. enemyes for all her gret myght

That is to say the Deuyll & the fleshe
And also the worlde with hith his glosyng there
Whiche on you loketh euer newe & fresshe
But he is not as he dooth apere
Loke ye kepe you ay out of his daungere
And soo the byctory shall ye obteyne
Awyce fro you exyled & Vertue in you reyne

And then shall ye haue the triumphall guerdon
That god referued to euery creature
Aboue in his celestyall manfyon
Joye & blyss in fynyte eternally to endure
Wherof we say we wolde fayne be sure
But the way thyderwarde to holde be we losse
That oft tyme causeth þ good lord to be wrothe

And by our deserte our habytacyon chaūgeth
Fro Joye to payne & woo perpetuelly
From his glorious syght thus he vs esttraūgeth
For our bycious luyng thorough our owne foly
Wherfore let vs praye to that lord of glory
Whyle we in erthe be þ he wylly geue vs grace
So vs here to guyde that we may haue a place

Accoꝝdyng to oure Regeneracyon
Which heuenly spyrytes his name to magnify.
Whiche downe descendeth for oure redempcyon
Offeryng hymselfe on the crosse to his fad on hy
Now benygne Ihesu that bozen was of Mary
All that to this bysyon haue gyue her audyence

Grant eternal Joye after thy last sentence

A M E

Here endeth a lityll Treatise
named The assemble of goddes













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